3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 a "draw," the real head of the trail was reached. We walked in the closing dusk of day to the edge of the precipice and looked off to where our guide told us we must shortly be travelling. Far below, almost a thou-
133 sand feet, without the sign of a trail, it seemed as if he
491 must be hoaxing us. Soon, however, as we followed him,
487 we found ourselves on a rocky shelf, and then began the most stupendous series of zigzags I had ever been on. Back and forth we wended, our trail a mere scratch on the rocky slope, here descending rugged steps, where a misstep meant sure and awful death. Higher and higher the walls rose around us; darker and darker grew the night; more weird and awesome the wind and weather carved figures sculptured on the sides and summits of the walls, and still down we went. At last we reached a vast cavernous-like place where Topocobya Spring is located. A small flow of water comes from the solid rock, and there we watered our horses and filled up our canteens prior to advancing on our seemingly never-ending descent. At last we reached the level, and there, lighting a fire, made camp and rested before penetrating farther into the deep and mystic recesses of the Havasupais. Early in the morning we began the farther descent. Mile after mile we traversed, first riding on the dry bed of the winter stream, then entering the narrower walls formed by the erosion of centuries through first one stratum of rock, then another. Now we were riding on a narrow shelf, on one side of which was a high wall, and on the other a deep, narrow ravine, in the bottom of which the erosive forces have cut a number of holes, — small troughs or bath tubs in the sandstone, where during the rainy season pools of delicious water may be found. In a short time

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we were riding up or down literal stairways cut in the rock, or rounding "Cape Horns," where we held our breath at the dreadful consequences that would ensue were horse or man to slip. Entering Rattlesnake Canyon our whole course was on a shelving slope of rock, over which even experienced horses tread gingerly. At last we came to the bed of the main canyon, and then for five or six miles we journeyed on, in the sand or the gravelly wash, for the stream that flows through this narrow canyon in storm times has no other law than its own wilful force. To-day we ride in one place, to-morrow's storm changes everything. After numberless twinings and twistings, all of which, however, gave a persistent northwesterly direction to our travelling, we came in sight of a score or so of large and fine cotton-wood trees, whose height far surpassed the smaller mesquite, cottonwood, and other trees that line much of the canyon's bed. These large trees told us our journey was practically at an end, for here begins the outpouring of the numberless springs that make the stream we can already hear rushing in its pebbly bed lower down. Without any premonition they spring out in large and small volume at the foot of some of these trees, and the Havasu — the Blue Water — is made. Every few yards adds to the water's volume, for more springs empty their flow into it. The first and only real buildings are the schoolhouse and the homes of the farmer and teachers, and then, at once, begin the small farms of the Havasupais.

Stand on the slope here, where a mass of talus rises from the trail side, so that we can survey the whole of the picturesque scene. Note its setting! Towering walls of regularly laminated red sandstone, though the

342 summer time and thus keep the canyon intensely hot both night and day. The large flow of water and [137 the dense growth of willows and other verdure keep 132] the soil constantly moist, so there is a humidity in the atmosphere which, in hot weather, makes it very oppressive.

132 This moisture renders the canyon cold in winter, although the thermometer never ranges very low. Snow falls but seldom, and then disappears almost as soon as it lights. In 1898 there was snow that stayed on the ground for several hours, but this was one of the severest winters they have had for many years.

133 A hundred yards or so below where the springs commence to flow Wallapai Canyon enters from the left. It is similar in appearance to, though narrower than, Havasu (Cataract) Canyon, the walls being of red sandstone, the strata of which are as regular as if laid by masons. A few hundred yards beyond the junction of 491 the two canyons a remarkable piece of Indian engineer- 499 ing is in evidence, showing how the Indians ascend 133 from a lower to an upper platform. There is a drop here in the stratum of some twenty-five or thirty feet, and to overcome this obstacle the Havasupais built a cage with logs which they filled with stones, and then from this stretched rude logs up and across, to which other logs were fastened, thus making a fairly substantial bridge from the lower to the upper stratum over which their horses as well as themselves could safely pass. The trail from this point ascends through tortuous canyons a distance of seven miles to the territory occupied by the Wallapais.

133 Just below the entrance to Wallapai Canyon a vast mass of talus has fallen, and two hundred yards farther

sible — which their traditions say were once occupied by certain families, the names of which are still remembered. All throughout the Grand Canyon region, too, from the Little Colorado River to Havasu Canyon, their cliff-dwellings, and smaller cliff "corn-houses" and mescal pits, are to be found. Indeed, the Havasupais built all the trails that are now being claimed as the work of white men into the heart of the Grand Canyon. The Tanner-French trail, the Red Canyon trail, the old Hance trail, the Grand View, Bright Angel, and Mystic Spring trails, are all old Indian trails. Not only are the cliff-dwellings and mescal pits proof of this, but the Havasupais can tell the families to whom they originally belonged and to whom the rights in them have descended. These rights they rigidly adhere to. It is the white man who knows no law as far as the Indian is concerned, and little by little the aborigine has lost springs, water-pockets, and trails, and is regarded and treated as an unwelcome visitor.

By this it must not be inferred that the Indians built the trails as white men build. In the main their trails were rude paths such as the mountain sheep might make, but in every case they had one of these rude pathways down into the canyon somewhere near to where the modern trails are now located. At the Bright Angel this path was changed when white engineers took hold of it, and at Mystic Spring Mr. Bass had built an entirely new trail, down a different slope, long before he discovered the Indian trail. Both unite near two great natural rock-cisterns, and then deviate below, the Indian trail zigzagging to the left, while Mr. Bass engineered a new trail of easy grade on the talus to the right.

Some of the Havasupais are returning to the cliff-

silks of China or the shawls of Persia by ourselves. All this material is bartered with the Pueblos for blankets and various products of civilization, the former being again traded to the Hua-la-pai for red and black paints, undressed buckskins, and mountain-lion robes. Their red paint, ochre of the finest quality, has such celebrity among Indian tribes that, reaching the Utes on the north, and the Comanches in Texas, it sometimes travels, by barter from hand to hand, as far east as to the tribes of the Mississippi Valley.

The engineering skill and enterprise of this little nation are marvelous. Although their appliances are rude, they are able to construct large dams, and dig or build deep irrigating canals, or durable aqueducts, which often pass through hills, or follow considerable heights along shelves of rock or talus, at the bases of the rugged and crooked walls of the cañon. The acequias, which have their fountain-heads in these canals and viaducts, are wonders of intricacy and regularity; yet on uneven ground are laid out in nice recognition of and conformity to unevenness and change of level in the surface they are designed to water.

Most wonderful of all, however, are their aerial trails. Through the western branch of the cañon, down from the Hua-la-pai country, the trail for horses as well as foot-travelers is over promontories, up shelves, along giddy narrow heights, in and out of recessions, or over stone-pecked slopes, such as would dismay civilized man, with all his means of moulding the rugged face of nature. At times, so impossible does it seem for any living thing to pass further that nowhere can the trail be traced; when a turn to some crack in the rock, almost hidden by intervening bowlders, and hewn down with stone hammers to give precarious footing, shows where it goes up or descends. Great ingenuity is shown in continuing the trail along the

487 bare, smooth face of a cliff which slopes
491 at an angle of forty-five, fifty, even sometimes sixty degrees. The surface, after being roughened, is overlaid with little branches of cedar, upon which larger sticks and stones of great weight are laid, the whole being filled in with dirt and a sufficient quantity of pebbles to guard against washing away. If such a surface be interrupted by a crevice, the two sides of the latter are notched, a fragment of rock fitted in, and the whole covered as before described. Considerable nerve is required, however, to pass these trails. The foothold is always uncertain, and one of these oblique zones, along the centre of which the trail passes, is bounded below by fifteen hundred feet of jagged, rapidly descending rock-masses; above, by two or three hundred feet of beetling, rotten cliffs.

231 Besides their horses, which are adventurers as wonderful as the Indians themselves, through their canon training, they have a few dogs, often wolfish, always mongrel, and six or eight lonely cats, which are extravagantly prized by their possessors, and well fed, yet so worried by dogs and children that they resemble half-starved wild beasts of the feline tribe rather than the descendants of the sleek, domesticated animal of civilization. Not unfrequently beautiful little coyotes are to be seen about
[776] the camp, and these, as the emblems of his own ancestry, his national deity, are affectionately fondled and petted by the Ha-va-su-pai; being allowed a place at the family bowl even in preference to the women or children. Add to these certain sand lizards and many noisy birds of prey, kept more for their feathers than as pets, and the list of Ha-va-su-pai domestication is complete.

521 During intervals in the labor of the
46 fields, the men may always be seen gathered in groups of six or ten, chatting together; and the women, always busy, exchange visits while at work

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